Bryant Bolds, II

Narrator:

I grew up in the suburban country where I could watch the sun rise over a field in my backyard in the morning, then walk to my cousin’s house in the adjacent neighborhood. My name is Bryant. Bryant Oliver Bolds, II. I’m Black, but strangers always claim I look mixed with either an Asian or Latino background. I grew up surrounded by area codes 404, 678, and 770. I was thirty minutes from Atlanta ten minutes from the most magnificent mall, five minutes from the beautiful Carmike movie theatre, and ten minutes from the rest of my family. Ten minutes from the Conyers Crown, my grandmother and grandfather. My grandfather would pick me up from school every day, and I would spend my afternoons watching Arthur, Word Girl, Cyberchase and Dragon Tales and eating ramen noodles, Vienna sausages, popcorn, fried chicken, pork chops, collard greens, and cornbread. They taught me everything from the way I walk, to the way I talk, to the way I treat others and the importance of family. It was a simpler time back then, but now I see that my magnificent mall is home to shootings on Christmas and shares a four o’ clock curfew with the movie theatre. But I…I remember the old days….